

# Extortion

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After their most recent adventure ends prematurely, Dipper's journal ends up in the hands of one of his and Mabel's enemies. Takes place after Society of The Blind Eye.

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# Extortion

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## Before The Intro

"Run!" Dipper shouted as he, along with his sister, sprinted as fast as his legs could carry him.

In their most recent adventure, Dipper (and his energetic twin sister Mabel) was exploring the woods for answers. Answers regarding the supernatural activities that surround the town of Gravity Falls, as well as the mysterious author who documented and recorded everything weird or unusual in Dipper's journal. The most recent supernatural creature they've discovered, and is now trying to kill them, was called a "mice-ceratops." It was roughly the size of Soos, probably a foot or two shorter, if he stood on four legs and it had gray fur along with four conjoined heads, one main head (that was proportionate to its body) and three much smaller heads located in the same area as a triceratops horns. The plan was simple: use the mice-ceratops' strong sense of smell to try and find wherever the author could be hiding. The Pines twins were planning to use Dipper's journal for providing the authors scent, the only thing that could make the mice-ceratops turn hostile was a foul smell... which Dipper, not realizing he stepped in something that smelt rancid on the hike into the forest, inadvertently provided. While it didn't possess anything truly bizarre, other than its' appearance and sense of smell, a large charging animal is still a threat in its own right; with the end result being the twins attempting to flee.

As he and Mabel continued to run through bushes, he couldn't help but look behind him to see how much the creature was trailing behind them.

"Dipper!" Mabel yelled, trying to make Dipper focus on the gap they were approaching. The gap itself was a far but reachable jump for the twins, however there was a pretty steep fall. One that they would not want to take if there wasn't a giant stampeding four headed mouse.

Without either saying a word, Mabel and Dipper leaped into the air; looking at the ground they'd hopefully be landing on soon. Much to her relief, Mabel made it across. Dipper however only managed to land in an off balanced state and had it not been for Mabel being there to pull him forward, would have fallen back and possibly met his demise.

"Phew." the twins sighed as they looked across the gap, more specifically their pursuer.

The mice-ceratops slowed down as it approached the gap, stopping just before it could slide off the edge. For a moment, the mice-ceratops looked as if it had turned away and given up. Alas, the overgrown mouse merely needed to regain the speed necessary to clear the jump.

"Awe, come on." Mabel complained.

"Are you kidding me?" Dipper protested.

Not wanting to see if it made the jump, the twins continued to flee from the trailing peril. But as luck would have it, the Pines twins found a brick wall with a hole they could slip through. Mabel went under first, followed by Dipper. Unlike the jump, both twins easily made it out of harms way.

"Wow Dipper, that's two close calls and it's not even lunch." Mabel said in astonishment, catching her breath as she awaited for her brother to respond.

"Tell me about it Mabel and do you recognize this part of the forest, I think we're lost." Dipper complied.

"Nope, I don't think we've ever been here before." Mabel said as she observed their seemingly foreign surroundings.

As the twins continued to walk through the forest for several more minutes, they continued to try and find their location.

"We sure are close to the mountain." Dipper commented.

Pretty soon the forest went from being wildly grown trees and bushes to perfectly trimmed, square, shrubs and hedges. One unusual thing they found in particular, was a shrub that looked like Pacifica. Upon seeing the Pacifica, the Pines realized where they were and what could happen if they get caught "trespassing." After quietly rushing through the Northwest family's humongous yard, full of stereotypical rich people things like peacocks, the twins quietly found themselves behind the front gate. Dipper quietly made a gesture with his fingers for Mabel. Without saying a word, Dipper told Mabel that he'll help her up the gate and that she'll need to pull him up so they can both get over safely. Mabel followed the plan smoothly and soon, they were sitting on top of the gate and on the verge of a clean escape... until they heard a familiar, not so friendly voice, say "Um, just what do you two think you're doing?" It was Pacifica, looking just as happy as usual.

Neither of the twins knew what to say, so they had to resort to pulling a page out of their Grunkle Stan's book...

"You'll never take us alive!" Mabel shouted as she and Dipper, for the third time this morning, ran away from a vicious monster. Each wearing a slight grin on their faces.

"Freaks." Pacifica spat out as she watched those two, her enemies the Pines twins, run off. She *did not care* for either of them, especially Mabel.

"Why is she always hanging with her brother anyway?" Pacifica asked herself, annoyed to see either of them happy.

"It's like she'd be miserable without him." Pacifica thought to herself. She'd love to see Mabel miserable, but needed to find a way to make sure Dipper would stay away from Mabel.

Ready to leave on that thought, Pacifica was about to walk away... until she felt the tip of her shoe graze something rather large and

thick. It was a book with a "3" imprinted on the cover. Pacifica recognized the book, she'd almost always seen Dipper either holding it, carrying it, or reading it. She didn't know, or care, why it was so precious to him; but she knew it was important enough to him that he might be willing to do anything to get it back. Anything.

Pacifica, now holding exactly what she needed, felt a fiendish smirk grow on her face.

*Qué the intro.*

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## **Author's Notes**

Well, what do you think of my' first Gravity Falls fan fic?

When I write/wrote Adventure Time fan fics, I'd always try to write it as if it were an actual episode. Regardless of what I write for, I try to write it similar to its' respective style. So please tell me if I've succeeded and if I should continue.

## Act 1

Mabel and Dipper finally returned to the Mystery Shack and, after already having to run away from two monsters this morning, were feeling completely famished. When they walked into the kitchen; they were greeted by a Grunkle Stan in a grease stained muscle shirt and boxer shorts, a sight they're used to seeing, leaning over the kitchen stove.

"Morning kids." Their Gruncle Stan, without taking his eyes off the stove, said as he flipped over the food he was cooking in his skillet.

"Good morning Gruncle Stan." Mabel, in her usual upbeat voice, said with a smile.

"Hey Gruncle Stan." Dipper, even if he was still feeling tired, said with a weak smile.

"What're you making?" Mabel, once she smelt what Stan was making, excitedly asked.

"Yeah, it smells good. " Dipper, skeptical as usual, asked.

"It's my' me renowned two and a half cheese omelette." Stan, proud of his omelette, said after he flipped the omelette onto a plate.

Stan handed a plate with some omelette on it to Mabel, followed Dipper, and sat at the table with a plate for himself. Enticed by the delectable fragrance, Mabel picked up a fork (which might or might not be clean) and began *literally* shoveling the omelette into her mouth as soon as she sat down.

" *Two and a half?* " Dipper, wondering what that means, repeated as he sat next to Mabel.

"Yeah. Pepper jack, cheddar, and what was either a third cheese, a mold, or some kind of fungus I found in the fridge." Stan said,

muttering in a lowered tone as he said the last *ingredient*.

With that being said Dipper lowered his plate to the floor, where an eager Waddles was awaiting for the boys food. Seeing no other alternative, Dipper decided to have a bowl of cereal. As he stood up, Dipper noticed his sister and her pig playing tug-of-war with the omelette he refused to eat. After letting out a small laugh, especially when Mabel tumbled backwards from the omelette quickly ripping into two pieces, Dipper sat back down with the off brand off brand cereal "Puffs" in his bowl. Dipper could feel his stomach rumbling for some food but before he could have a spoon of his cereal; Mabel, wanting some payback for Dipper laughing at her, used a spoon as a catapult and launched a couple of *puffy* projectiles at Dipper's head. Everyone of the puffs Mabel fired were all direct hits, some of which even ricocheted off Dipper's face.

"No fair." Dipper said before letting out an amused laugh, he knew he deserved it and accepted the repercussion. *Not*.

Not wanting Mabel to have all the fun, Dipper began returning fire. The battle had begun and the kitchen was their battlefield, their weapons: puffs. The two pelted each other with off-brand puff after puff. But just before the heat of the battle intensified, they heard the phone ring. Curious as to who could be calling them, the twins ceased their' battle... for now.

"Hello?" Grunkle Stan, in his usual scruffy voice, said.

"Yeah he's here. Are you sure, I mean you've met him right?" Stan, confused by the caller's request, asked as he looked at Dipper.

"Hey kid, it's for you." Stan said as he held the phone for Dipper to take.

Once Dipper had the phone, Grunkle Stan left the room. Disappearing to wherever he goes to when he's not running the Shack.

"Hello?" Dipper, feeling confused, asked.

"Missing something?" a voice Dipper couldn't recognize asked.

"Uh..." Dipper pondered as he looked around the partially dirtied kitchen, seeing nothing out of the *semi- ordinary*.

"Maybe a book..." the voice, with much emphasis, said.

Now having a concern, Dipper checked his jacket for the journal. It wasn't there.

"..." Dipper fell silent, dropping the phone in the process.

Mabel, worried about her brother, waved her hand in front of Dipper's face. He was unresponsive.

"Dipper?" Mabel asked as she began to softly shake Dipper by the shoulders.

"Ma-Mabel... I lost the journal." Dipper, almost in disbelief, informed her.

Mabel was worried, she knew the seriousness of the situation. Not just for finding the truth, but because of what it meant to Dipper. With the journal, he was able to validate his intelligence to himself. Dipper always took pride in how truly smart he was and that he was usually the go-to guy for solving problems. But with it gone, Dipper felt defeated. It was as if he had lost a part of himself, even though Mabel knew that Dipper didn't need the journal. She'd always told him that, but it was still important to him.

"Don't worry Dipper, we'll find it." Mabel reassuringly said with an enthusiastic smile, when she was truly worried.

"Someone already did..." Dipper stated.

Mabel covered her mouth, to prevent letting out a loud gasp... or a scream (she wasn't sure). Dipper, not having any options, picked up

the phone and continued to listen to the caller.

"Who is this, and why are you disguising your voice?" Dipper, not trying to frustrate the caller, half-asked/demanded.

"This is Pacifica and I'm not disguising my voice, your phone's broken." the caller, now revealed, informed Dipper.

Hearing this worried Dipper, not because it was his sister's enemy... but because she's the daughter of the richest and most powerful person in Gravity Falls.

"What do you want?" Dipper, now knowing who he's dealing with, asked in a bold tone.

"If you want your journal back, meet me outside the library in half an hour **alone** and don't tell anyone. " Pacifica ordered.

"Why?" Dipper, confused by her request, asked.

Instead of hearing a response, Dipper only heard the tone from a phone off the hook. Not having a choice, Dipper sighed as he rested the phone on hook and headed for the door.

"Where are you going?" Mabel asked, completely oblivious to Pacifica's orders for Dipper.

Dipper didn't say a word, he merely made his way towards the door.

" *Dipper?* " Mabel asked with a pleading voice and a frown.

Dipper, wishing he could tell Mabel, remained quiet and closed the door to the Mystery Shack behind him as he stepped outside.

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## Author's Notes

I'm happy with the generally positive reviews and that some of you want me to continue it. That being said, I'd still appreciate any

thoughts or opinions on how similar or not so similar I wrote it like an actual episode. So please, continue to leave what you think could help me/the story in your reviews.

## **Update**

I just saw Northwest Manor Noir and... I can't believe I guessed a few of the things in Northwest Manor. Also I now feel sympathy for Pacifica, so I'll be re writing what I was originally going to put for the next chapter. Along with the next one.

## Act 2

"Alright Soos, this is it... Today is the day you finally fix that vending machine for Mr. Pines." Soos said to himself as he stepped outside his truck, carrying a toolbox.

Soos walked towards the Mystery Shack, determined to fix the one thing that Stan said he'd never be able to fix. He was focused, so focused that nothing could distract him... other than seeing Dipper hastily walking away. Soos happily waved to his friend. But unfortunately for him, Dipper was so distracted with trying to figure out what Pacifica has in store for him that he didn't even notice Soos.

"Huh, must be something important." Soos thought aloud.

After talking to himself, Soos entered the Mystery Shack. Walking past the Stan bobble-heads, as opposed to how he'd usually be completely distracted. He walked past the register, where an absent Wendy should've been behind at least ten minutes ago. Soos even made it past the talking summerween bowl that Stan "bought" from the store. Okay, he wasn't *that* focused as his imagination faded and realized he's been watching a Stan bobble-head bounce for the past three minutes.

"Soos!" Stan called from the doorway to the museum.

"Uh sorry Mister Pines..." Soos, now fully back in reality stammered.

Mabel lied with her back atop the couch, feeling sad and alone. Even after Waddles... waddled in. Once the pig was standing besides the couch, Mabel lifted the pig above her head. She looked deeply within his eyes, seeking comfort from her swine companion.

"Waddles where do you think Dipper went?" Mabel asked her porky friend.

"He's probably just walking around town." Mabel said in her Waddles voice as she moved his lips to form the words.

"Well why do you..." Mabel tried to continue before being interrupted by the sound of Soos accidentally knocking over a bobble-head.

Mabel accidentally dropped Waddles on her face, startled by the sudden sound of the cheaply made doll breaking.

"You're paying for that." Stan told Soos as Mabel walked in, her slightly red face sore and frowning.

"What's the matter Mabel?" Soos, concerned with Mabel's lack of a smile, asked.

"It's Dipper." Mabel groaned as she rubbed her face.

"Oh yeah, I just saw him a little while ago. He looked mad." Soos said as he began to sweep up the broken Stan.

"Kid's probably just hitting his jerky preteen phase." Stan guessed, paying little thought to the subject.

"Hey Soos, do you think you can help me find Dipper so I can cheer him up?" Mabel asked.

"Sure, we can go right now." Soos said.

"Later." Stan dismissed as he handed Soos his tools.

"Or maybe later." Soos said, causing Mabel to moan in protest.

Dipper could hear two things as he passed the forest, a police siren... and the sound of an ice cream truck. Dipper, confused by what he heard turned his head and saw an ice cream truck being chased by a police car with Deputy Durland cheerfully babbling with his head out the window as Sheriff Blubs quickly drove after it. Likely breaking a few speed limits. Dipper was confused and couldn't help but want to analyze just how dumb those cops were... but had more

important things to do. So he pressed on forward, no longer close enough to notice the sudden screech into a crash or see the hubcap roll towards where he stood.

"Nice going Dipper." the boy said to himself as he walked past the diner. And a vandalized sign for the incarcerated Lil Gideon.

"Not only do you loose the journal, **but** you let **Pacifica** get it." Dipper murmured to himself as he followed the crosswalk.

"My sisters worst enemy of all people..." Dipper protested as he was within a block of the library, remembering the party, pioneer day, and the mini golf incident.

In just a few minutes, Dipper was impatiently waiting outside the library for the spoiled blonde to show up.

"And then he just walked out without even saying a word to me." Mabel, feeling guilty, told Wendy.

"That's rough Mabes. I can't believe someone has Dippers book." Wendy said as she stood behind the register, not actually doing any work.

"Who do you think it was?" Wendy inquired to Mabel.

"I think I've done it!" Soos exclaimed from across the room.

"What?" Wendy asked, not sure what Soos has done.

"It's taken over five years, but I think I finally fixed the vending machine." Soos, excitedly announced.

Everyone in the Mystery Shack fell silent, including Wendy. Anyone who visited the Shack regularly, for whatever reason, knew the vending machine never worked.

"What's the big deal?" Mabel whispered to Wendy.

"Seriously? " Wendy, surprised by Mabel's question asked.

"Ya know how that thing never works?" Wendy explained.

The crowd grew, causing Mabel even more confusion.

"Yet people still feed it money." Mabel answered.

"That's because the whole town wants to know if the chips inside are still good." Wendy, for whatever reason, excitedly said.

Mabel still didn't see the appeal but Soos couldn't help her until he finished work. So she decided to go along with it, having nothing else to do. As the crowd began to fill the shack, Grunkle Stan began writing on a chalkboard big enough to be read from across the room.

"Okay people, place your bets! Place your bets!" Stan shouted over the crowd.

As if they were all sheep, the entire crowd began pulling out their money and tossing it at Grunkle Stan. Everyone involved with the wagers kept shouting a different type of chip along with either "stale" or "good" as they emptied their pockets of the money that once occupied them. Things quickly began to look more like a riot, so Stan had to reestablish order.

"Alright already. If you bet any of the chips are stale, go stand on the left." Stan shouted as he pointed to the left side of the, over stuffed, room.

"If you bet they're good, you're on the right." Stan said, just as loud as his previous order.

"And if you came in without money, get lost!" Stan said even louder then his previous remarks.

Once the visitors without money exited the shack, and secretly began watching from the windows, the inside slowly became organized. On one side were a few familiar people, including: Lazy

Susan, Mr. Poolcheck, and Toby Determined wearing a t-shirt with "#fresh" printed on it, and on the other side were a few more known citizens of the town such as Bud Gleeful and both mister and misses Valentino.

After what felt like hours Dipper saw the unmistakable Northwest family limo, with the top of Pacifica's head partially exposed by her slightly ajar window. She wore sunglasses, sandals, what looked to be a junior lifeguard swimsuit, and a towel resting on top of her shoulders.

"Get in." Pacifica ordered Dipper, not wasting anytime.

Dipper was more than reluctant to do so, but knew defying her meant he'd never get his book back. So Dipper begrudgingly opened the car door.

"So what now?" Dipper demanded after he sat down, not willing to just wait for her orders like a trained dog.

Pacifica didn't say a word, she only glared at him. He, like his sister or great-uncle, was among the few people who refused to get inline and do as she... a *Northwest* said. The thought of anyone, let alone an entire family, living in Gravity Falls that could just ignore anything she ordered bothered her. She knew she could get to Mabel, so she wasn't much of a problem; Stan couldn't do anything to her so he isn't a threat; but Dipper had the courage to stand up to her and even strike back like when he showed her proof that her family weren't descendants of the town founder or, what she suspects was all his doing, when she played Mabel in mini golf and was attacked by weird golf balls. Dipper actually opposed her, he'd more than likely do so even if it didn't involve defending Mabel. Because of this Pacifica had every intention of making Dipper do as he was told. Like the rest of the town.

"Don't worry, you'll see." Pacifica said, having something more then prepared to put Dipper in his place, as she continued to look at the scowl on his face.

Pacifica wanted to see that go from defiance to misery. And without Dipper to help her, neither Mabel or anybody else in town would stand up to her or her family heritage. Having nothing *nice* to say to Pacifica, Dipper merely looked out his side window; he didn't know what Pacifica had planned and didn't care, the sooner he got it done the better. Before long the limo came to a halt. Dipper, having looked out the window for the entirety of the ride as well as judging by Pacifica's choice of wardrobe, already knew where they were heading to: the beach. The only thing he didn't know was why.

"What are we doing *here*?" Dipper, not sure why Pacifica took him here, asked.

"Here's the deal loser: if you want your dumb book back you can either help me humiliate your sister..." Pacifica, in her usual conceded voice, said with a smirk as she unbuckled her seat belt.

"Never gonna happen." Dipper bluntly stated as he undid his.

"Or you can do something else for me..." Pacifica said with a methodical grin as she stepped out of the limo, her sandals repeatedly making a swiping noise in the beach sand. She already known Dipper wouldn't agree to anything that involved hurting Mabel.

"So what are we doing here..." Dipper, just as impatient as before, asked as he followed her towards the ocean.

"The other day, while I was riding my jet ski across the ocean, I lost my bracelet." Pacifica said as she pointed towards the deeper end, where some big waves hit against a couple of larger rocks. There was also two sharks in the background that looked intimidating, until a large tentacle grabbed one of them and pulled it under.

"And you want me to find it." Dipper, already seeing where this is going, guessed.

"You have until the end of the day, or you're never getting your book back." Pacifica said as she sat in a beach chair that her driver had setup for her.

It took no time at all for Dipper to deduce that she had him do this without any swim trunks or anything, as well as arrive late, just so it'd be harder for him. Without any further delay; Dipper took off his socks and shoes as he began to swim towards the rocks. Completely determined to get his book back.

"But he just kept walking." Soos explained to Mabel as they stood behind the curtain Stan put in front of the vending machine, to keep everyone in suspense.

"There's gotta be something I can do." Mabel said to herself.

"Well, I did see him heading north west." Soos said as he continued to wait for Stan to remove the curtain for the big reveal.

It was after Soos told her what direction Dipper was heading that Mabel figured out who had Dipper's journal. She realized it had to be Pacifica: they were outside Northwest Manor earlier and when she saw them they ran away, so since she doesn't like them... it only made sense that she'd do something like this to Dipper.

"Don't worry Dipper, it's Mabel to the rescue!" Mabel shouted as she ran through the curtain, causing it to fall to the ground.

"Cuse me... pardon me... sorry..." Mabel repeated as she slowly squeezed her way through the crowd.

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## Author's Notes

I had to rewrite this chapter, an un-approximate, eight times including once when I forgot to save... But I hope you enjoyed reading this, as it motivates me to continue writing it. But if this chapter seemed off or less like the show let me know, because I

**do want these to remain enjoyable as well as written like the show.**